THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, - - - - - - - - - - Editor
HENRY L. WEST, - - - - - Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.

Daily and Sunday	50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday	$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday	40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday	$4.80 per year
Sunday, without daily	$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.

Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1910.

Roosevelt, the Silent.

It is not at all surprising that Mr. Roosevelt should have elected serenely, even sweetly, to meet the flying wedge of correspondents sent forth to greet him as he emerged from the jungles, and to have said to them, concerning this, that, and the other thing of political persuasion—nothing.

We rather suspect Mr. Roosevelt will get a mighty straight line on what is what before he expresses an opinion concerning events as they have transpired since he sailed away a year ago. He knows that whatever he does say will carry great weight. He must realize that every word from him will count heavily in stimulating unrest and resentment among the people on the one hand or tolerance and patience on the other.

Mr. Roosevelt is a patriot, no matter what else he may or may not be. He probably understands and appreciates some of the many great difficulties that have beset his successor in office and the new administration generally. Doubtless he is prepared to hear large tales of shortcomings here and unrealized expectations there. Perhaps he will be told dark and sinister narratives of treachery and broken promises—anything, in fact, that might serve to start an anti-administration agitation bearing some semblance of his indorsement!

And yet, somehow, we feel that the prosecution will be required to make out a mighty plain case against the present administration before Mr. Roosevelt becomes a party to a revolt. We have had occasion to study Mr. Roosevelt from a close point of view in this city, and we truly believe that those who are besieging him now for an expression of hostility toward Mr. Taft have set for themselves a hard task, indeed!

He has let it be known that his role is to be that of the Sphinx for the next few months. He realizes the tremendous significance that will immediately attach to anything he may say. Therefore, he is not going to say anything until he may be sure he has his bearings right.

Speaking for itself, The Washington Herald never entertained a doubt that it would be just so!

A Menace in the Navy.

The statistics pertaining to re-enlistment in the navy ought to give the authorities in charge of that particular subject much concern. It has been shown from the records that a pitiably small percentage of men re-enlist to an extent which entitles them to be regarded as of continuous service—not more than four out of 100 enlisting for the third time. This necessarily converts the navy into a huge training school for novices in the enlisted force and makes the battle ships so many floating educational institutions, with much work and responsibility upon the older and tried men. This must be a discouraging situation in view of the increase of pay and allowances and the advantages which have been periodically given the bluejacket in the hope of making the service attractive. There must be some reason for this condition, and it would appear to be worth the while of the naval authorities to apply themselves to a remedy. It is not sufficient to dismiss the case on the ground that these men who serve one enlistment, or the 17 per cent of them who serve a second enlistment, become a usefully available force upon which to draw in time of war. The changes in naval duties on board ship, even in the work devolving upon enlisted men, are so numerous and radical that a man who has been separated from the naval service for ten years must find himself largely a stranger to the task.

In this connection interest attaches to a set of resolutions which have been passed by some sort of a bluejackets' union or league in Boston petitioning Congress for remedial measures, without, however, offering any suggestion which is worth heeding, and basing the proposition on the somewhat libelous charge, calculated to nullify the sincerity of the appeal, that the enlisted men are harshly, if not cruelly, treated by the commissioned officers. That, in plain language, is poppycock. The enlisted men of the navy are more than fairly treated. They are adequately paid, when one considers what they get in the way of food and clothing and shelter, and they are even generously compensated when it comes to the higher ratings. A good man is decently treated, and it is safe to say that the enlisted man on board a ship encounters as little hardship and humiliation as the average young man who earns his living under some one else in civil life. The reason for the absence of continuous service men in the navy must be something more subtle than personal treatment, and it is that condition which makes the problem more perplexing and no less urgent of solution. It is a situation which calls for careful attention, since training and experience are factors contributing directly to efficiency, especially in battle. The rectification of this defect is quite as important as the addition of new ships or the maintenance of international leadership in constantly increasing battle ship displacement. A 30,000-ton battle ship, manned with a crew of which only seventeen men in every 100 are in their second enlistment or only four men in every 100 have more than two enlistments, adds to the already sufficient perils of war.

Pass the Campaign Publicity Bill!

An incorruptible electorate is the mainstay of any republic.

Honesty of elections is a national need.

Optimism grows in contemplation of the fact that the American ballot is less tainted to-day than ever before—less influenced by money, and, therefore, less corrupt than at any other period of the nation's history.

A spirit of independence has put the country upon a better plane; an aroused public sentiment has minimized political corruption of the past. Bossism, with its arrant disregard of fairness, decency, and honesty, no longer holds the sway that once it did. Elections are not now openly bought and sold. The country has come upon more wholesome times. Progressive States and municipalities have brought about an evolution and a transformation that all right-minded citizens hail with pride and satisfaction.

But the millennium is not yet reached. It never will be reached. Political conditions have improved, and are improving, but will not in all history ever become perfect. Human agencies cannot make them so. Money will ever be a factor in elections—a potent, silent factor—as it is an irrepressible factor in other affairs of life. It can be controlled in righteous measure, regulated in beneficial degree, but the baneful use of it can never be suppressed altogether.

Publicity is the best remedy yet discovered. It does not cure political ills, but it modifies the ailment. It does not make corruption impossible, but it makes it difficult. It does not prevent the use of money, but tends to keep it within reasonable, if not absolutely honest, bounds. It puts no check upon one party that it does not put upon the other. It operates for proper enlightenment and the general good.

The bill requiring the publication of contributions to national campaigns should be enacted into law. It is a national need. Not a valid or honest objection can be urged against it. It commends itself on its face. It is not a partisan measure. Its beneficial effects will be felt by the Republicans as well as the Democrats. It is needed by one party as well as by the other—needed by all parties. It ought to pass, and pass without a dissenting voice.

Wearing the Trousers.

Mrs. Fannie Bookbinder is a bride of eight days. Years will add to her knowledge, and when knowledge comes, wisdom will not linger. Just now she has such an unsophisticated manner that it is pathetic to think of the disillusionment in store. When her wedded life is numbered by years instead of by days, she will look back and marvel at the innocence that once was hers. Fannie haled her husband into a New York police court the other day on a charge of cruelty. The cruelty consisted in his extracting 30 cents out of his weekly pay envelope the first pay day of their wedded life. Upon being interrogated by the magistrate, she admitted that she had $1,000 in the bank, which sum she declined to share with Sam.

The following is her version of marital troubles as they appear on the horizon after eight days out on the sea of matrimony:

"When I married Sam he promised to turn over to me his pay every week, and last night I found the very first envelope 30 cents short. Sam makes $20 a week and I want every cent of it. If he needs anything, I will get it for him. I know what's due a wife, and that's why I brought him here."

She knows "what's due a wife" from her own experience! Poor, frail creature! Humanity has many tales of pathos, but hers is one that has never been surpassed. She wants every cent of Sam's weekly pay, and that in New York! Why, Sam can stroll along Broadway and not necessarily will it cost him a cent. Fannie knows. No doubt she has seen the glare of Broadway, and still kept her thousand dollars in the bank. Such a marvel as she will be wasting talents in a home. She should start a correspondence school. Model husbands are needed, and badly needed. Fannie has a mission.

But despite the fine line of reasoning, the magistrate could not share her opinions. After hearing her harrowing tale of cruelty, he laughed outright and handed down the following verdict:

"You go home and make up your mind to do as your husband tells you, and take what he gives you. Don't come before me again with such ridiculous charges. The case is dismissed."

No doubt half the husbands in New York are waiting for Sam's next pay day to see whether he will again dare to abstract 30 cents surreptitiously. Speculation is rife as to whether Sam will hand over the envelope intact or will keep the entire amount in his own trousers pocket and resolve to pay the household bills himself. Here is a problem in household economics that needs solving. Sam and Fannie can do humanity a good turn by publishing broadcast the outcome in their own family.

We sometimes wonder whether Dr. Wiley writes those terrible things before or after dinner.

All the world is a stage, of course. Thank heaven, nevertheless, that all the critics are not Alan Dales!

Mr. Lillis may console himself with the reflection that it was not a safety razor Mr. "Jack" Cudahy wielded at the moment, anyway.

And now we have had an aeroplane collision. May yet be necessary to put up balloon buoys bearing signs reading, "Keep to the right."

Reports concerning the Southern mint crop are guarded. We have no doubt, however, that the crop is again happy on its way.

"Explorer Peary may be exactly right in refusing to submit his data to a committee of Congress," says a contemporary. If it is "his" data—perhaps. But is it "his?" The government has paid him in salary for the past twenty-three years—how much? And for what? Therefore, whose data really is it?

It is pointed out that several healthy and palatable articles of diet may be manufactured from cotton seeds, but that no one so far has been able to fashion an intoxicating drink from them. Grown on Southern soil, cotton is, naturally, a stanch prohibitionist.

The repulsive doctrines Emma Goldman is preaching in Pittsburg should not be advertised by the press. The best way to queer Emma's cheap little game is to let it severely alone.

Now that we have Maj. Hemphill several hundred miles nearer Washington, we confidently expect to make a much better American of him.

You remember, of course, what King Edward said in his recent speech from the throne? No?

Now that Bwana Tumbo once more is hovering on the horizon, we suppose a large number of our old "Rough Rider" friends will come out of their lairs.

If there really are 2,522,666,957 germs in each plate of ice cream, we presume germs have a fondness for feminine lips the same as folks.

Whatever that big noise you hear may be, it probably is not the Champ Clark Presidential boom recently released in Missouri.

That Philadelphia strike has been in progress three weeks now, and still nobody has been able to determine just precisely where the fun comes in.

For aught we know to the contrary, Secretary Wilson may have resigned from the Cabinet four or five times last week. We long ago ceased trying to keep tab on him.

While Mr. Garfield was testifying before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee the other afternoon, Senator Heyburn was attacking the Forest Service on the floor of the Senate. Altogether, it was quite a Pinchot day!

Perhaps, on the other hand—begging the Richmond Times-Dispatch's pardon—Mr. F. Hop Smith merely jumped at conclusions.

It is proposed by certain Republicans to have Mr. Roosevelt speak "in the doubtful States." After Mr. Roosevelt has looked around a bit and studied that proposition, he may incline to take to the jungles again.

"A St. Louis man shot himself on the eve of going to Philadelphia," says the Milwaukee Sentinel. He must have labored under the impression that there is no escape from Philadelphia, once one has landed there.

"The revolutionary army in Nicaragua is without a general," says a news item. Whenever a South or Central American revolutionary army gets in that fix, there is no army to it.

Mr. Garfield makes a better witness than Mr. Pinchot. Mr. Garfield inclines not to stray off the reservation.

Oyster Bay has a presentiment that something is coming its way soon.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Who's the Laugh On?

From the Birmingham Register.

If Peary will not let Congress have his proofs, Congress should make an ex-Peary-ment with him.

One Thing Accomplished.

From the Dayton News.

Anyway, the Pinchot-Ballinger investigation has shown the Guggenheims that they were very rich men.

In re Vardaman.

From the Albany Journal.

To be right in the swim, Vardaman should make a foreign tour before he makes another run for office.

The Speaker's Dearest Wish.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Speaker Cannon says his dearest wish is to be of use to mankind. He reserves the right, however, to put his own interpretation upon the word "use."

It Does Sound Suspicious.

From the Savannah Press.

Congressman Roddenbery, we are told, has captured a desirable committee place already. We trust he has not promised to vote for Uncle Joe when the next House is organized.

Secretary for Life.

From the Springfield Republican.

"Uncle Jimmy," the Secretary of Agriculture, is the farmer's friend and a dear old man, if he did get into an amazing tangle over Mr. Pinchot's Dolliver letter. And he is Secretary for life.

Rubbing It In.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

It is announced that when Secretary Ballinger retires from the Cabinet he will resume the practice of law. Then there must have been no truth in that report that he was to become associate editor of Collier's.

Cannonized Republicans.

From the Dallas News.

Of course the Democrats fancy that wherever the Cannonized Republican wins the nomination many Roosevelt Republicans will vote for the Democratic nominee, and that wherever the Roosevelt Republican wins, the Cannonized Republicans will desert in considerable numbers. Ordinarily we should say that the likelihood of such defections would warrant as much hope as even Democrats are capable of indulging.

What Is Needed.

From the New York Globe.

The next time that he comes before the public as a speaker Mr. Pinchot would do himself a favor if he would descend from the clouds and get down to solid earth. What is needed is not rant concerning special privileges and equal opportunities, but practical proposals looking to the adoption of new rules and regulations concerning the development of natural resources.

THE CONVERSATION.

The parlor light was low and dim,
Yet not too dim and not too low;
He talked to her, she talked to him—
Yet what they said they did not know.
They talked about the latest play,
They chatted of the newest book,
But somehow each one seemed to say
A different thing with smile and look.

They talked about the flood in France,
And of the row at England's polls,
Of an amusing circumstance,
Of chocolate, of breakfast rolls,
Of making change on trolley cars,
Of pictures in a magazine,
Of what they put in good cigars,
Of how to crank a big machine.

They laughed at some unconscious joke,
They judged her latest photograph,
They talked about the city's smoke,
And of her uncle's epitaph.
They gravely spoke of politics,
Of how fair woman's lack of guile
Would do away with graft and tricks—
But more they said with look and smile.

At last he said that he must go;
It took some time to say "Good night"—
The parlor lamp burned dim and low,
But both their hearts were glad and light.
In conversation aptly led
The evening had been nicely spent—
Though neither knew what either said,
Each knew just what the other meant.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Post.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

INDICATIONS.

Across the leas
We see the bees
A-wing.
The fashion prints
Have many hints
Of spring.

An early bird
Is sometimes heard
To sing.
Blue skies above
Are tokens of
The spring.

The daily flood
A deal of mud
Doth bring,
Which I opine
Is the chief sign
Of spring.

Outdistanced.

"Then you like these moving picture plays?"

"I confess that I do. The action develops too fast for the man who has seen the performance and wants to tell me about it."

Scant Material.

"I want a column from you about this art dancer's costume."

"You do, eh?" growled the old reporter. "How am I going to write a column about a string of beads?"

Quite So.

"I haven't much to offer you," began the kind lady.

"No apologies, mum," interposed the courteous wayfarer. "Any kind of eating is a genuine luxury these days."

Giving Away Money.

Fifty millions in a lump;
Here an organ, there a pump!
Andy's kept upon the jump
Going
to
the
poorhouse.

A Question.

"Say, maw!"

"Yes, son."

"Where do the mumps and measles go when I haven't got 'em?"

Skill Will Tell.

"The amateur fisherman often beats the professional in his catch."

"That's true enough. Where the amateur falls down is in telling about it."

All Headliners.

"There are no common people," remarked the homegrown philosopher, "and personally, I have never seen anybody belonging to the much-mentioned middle class."

PUBLIC SPIRIT AN ASSET.

Advancement of Community's Interests Will Advance Your Own.

From the Memphis News-Scimitar.

Public spirit is a private asset to every man in the community. By public spirit we mean a disposition to advance the interests of the community as a whole. The laborer or clerk without property is benefited in such a community because that spirit provides more comforts and pleasures available. If it is a man of property or business things that makes a city attractive to live in, brings people, energy, and capital to it, and this increases the volume of business and the value of property. There are men in Memphis who have been conducting business enterprises while at the same time owners of property, and the increase in the value of property, whose care gave them no work, was greater than the net profits of their business, that gave them all their work. This increase in the value of property came from increase in population. The more rapid the growth of a community, the more rapid the increase in the value of property. If a man has $200,000 invested in a manufacturing plant and the cost of living in the community and the pleasure of living in it make a difference of 50 cents per day for or against him in the cost of labor, and he employs a hundred workers, this is $50 a day, or $15,000 in the year, or 7½ per cent on his capital of $200,000.

Public spirit is not charity or giving, but investing.

Public spirit is that larger spirit of faith that is willing to invest in the community through faith in the community as a whole or organized segments of a community, just as private spirit is willing to increase investment in one's own business, where the faith is confined to oneself. Public spirit inspires a man to take a larger interest in the management of his community or its component parts to help get things done right, and on the other hand the habit of interesting himself in public matters begets public spirit because he has more faith in the administration of affairs in which he has been exercising some voice.

Every virtue helps every other virtue. Every reform helps every other reform that is worth while. Investment through public spirit may pay larger material returns than investment through private enterprise, and the man of larger vision is the one who sees it. He can see beyond his own business and his own bank account, and understands his part dependence on the business and bank account of every other man in the community and certainly of the community as a whole.

Building a community by private, as compared to public spirit, is doing what the world has been trying to get away from—the habit of pulling a load with four mules pulling one way to the front and three mules pulling the other way to the rear. Speaking figuratively, the business of life has been through all the centuries, in the broadest application, and touching the most vital and largest questions of humanity, to get all the mules pulling one way, and we are as much improved over former times as we have added mules to the front and taken them from the rear. The same thing stated differently is that the business of life has been from the origin of man to reduce and stop friction. The search for frictionless machinery has gone on in the physical, moral, and intellectual world.

Deserved Promotion.

From the Fliegende Blaetter.

Actor (to his manager)—I've been with you now three years, and I think I am entitled to a rise.

Manager—Certainly. Henceforth you shall play all the parts that have meals.

A Very Good Reason.

From the Boston Transcript.

He—Would you rather be beautiful or clever?

She—Beautiful, I think. You see, there are lots of stupid men, but only a few blind ones.

Hen Coop Diplomacy.

From the San Antonio Gazette.

Missouri will have an eggiaying contest between picked teams of hens. Great care will have to be taken to find hens in the proper mood.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Pennsy's Armored Pay Car.

Pennsylvania Railroad car No. 100, a pay car in use on the Eastern division, is probably the most interesting piece of rolling stock possessed by that company. Formerly it was the practice of the company to pay its employes by check, but since payment in currency was recently inaugurated this car was built to meet the requirements of the new system. It is all steel in construction and is the largest car of the passenger type on the entire system. It is armed like a fortress, having in one end a combination bank and arsenal, and in the other sleeping-car facilities. As the car will often start on its rounds with half a million dollars on board, every precaution has been taken in the building of it to avoid robbery. Steel vaults for safeguarding such money as is not required immediately are one of its equipments, while the paymaster is entrenched behind a heavy iron grill, with close at his hand a Gatling gun, mounted on a pivot-swivel, for use in case of emergency. The car is manned by a picked crew, including two officers and a detective, all heavily armed. Arriving at a station and ready to proceed to business, one officer is stationed at the entrance, the other at the exit, while the detective remains within. No more than three men are permitted in the car at one time.

Hoodoo Towns.

Every actor has a strong feeling against at least one city which he regards as his physical hoodoo, says Lew Fields. Mr. Fields himself is unable to approach San Francisco or Boston without a shudder. At the time of his first professional visit to San Francisco his perfect record of good health was broken by a sudden and unaccountable loss of voice, which necessitated laying off during the entire engagement of his company in that city. One morning when in Boston, for the first time in his life, he decided not to shave himself, and proceeding down the marble steps of the hotel to get shaved, he fell and broke his thigh. The accident cost him the loss of much valuable time and about $2,000. Lillian Russell is "leery" of Cleveland, for a very good reason. She took the mumps in that city at the age of forty. Willie Collier is simply distracted at the thought of Providence, because one time when he was stopping there he got a tip on Kilkare, at Sheepshead Bay, and although he hustled to the pool room, he reached that emporium just as the shades were being lowered and learned that the horse had won at 100 to 1. The late Stuart Robson, in his latter years, hated to play New Orleans. Many years ago he sprained his ankle in that place, and four years later he was watching a circus parade there when an elephant stampeded and stepped on Robson's right foot, compelling the company to lay off four weeks at full pay.

A Canine Tale.

This dog story was printed in the columns of the Waco (Tex.) Times-Herald, and while we do not vouch for its absolute truth, it seems worth reprinting for the benefit of our readers:

G. E. Sewright went into a restaurant in Los Angeles, Cal., and ordered a weinerwurst. While he was masticating it with great zeal and much satisfaction his teeth came in contact with something hard, and, drawing it out, he found it was a dog tag numbered 4,413. Sewright began by denouncing the beef trust for raising prices to such a height that a restaurant keeper can't afford to put anything into his sausages but dogs. The waiter expostulated because he made so much noise and Sewright thrashed him. The cook came to the rescue of the waiter, and Sewright beat him until he roared. Then, with the tag still in his hand, he went to the city clerk to find out who answered to the number 4,413. He found that it had been issued to Miss Anna Bell for her Scotch terrier, Daisy. "I have eaten her," replied Sewright, referring to the dog and not the maiden. Then he looked up Miss Bell and discovered that she had lost the dog three weeks before, and had been offering a reward for its return ever since. And thus was it made evident to Miss Bell that the want columns of the newspaper can't perform the impossible; still, she got the tag.

The Losing Game.

From Puck.

"I lost $2,000 last night," observed the noted explorer-lecturer who charged 50 cents a word for his oratory.

"How was that—poker?" inquired the man who didn't care much for lectures anyway.

"No. Talked in my sleep," replied the lecturer, wiping away a tear.

THE POVERTY OF PROSPERITY.

The Modern Motto Is "Easy Come, Gone Before It Comes."

From the World To-day.

Periodically, we all turn political economists. Sometimes we discuss money; sometimes the tariff. Just now we are discussing the cost of living. It is not a new subject, nor is it so simple as some seem to think, for whoever can master it has mastered the very heart of economic theory and practice.

None the less, every man of us has some theory to account for the disheartening fact that the more we earn the poorer we grow.

But most of these theories run back to a simple fact; the rise of the standards of living. Americans have been making money so rapidly that they have spent it even more rapidly.

We have ceased to be thrifty. The nearest approach most of us make to that virtue is to get our banks to let us overdraw our account.

The fathers have eaten grapes and the children are eating grape fruit. We used to buy apples by the barrel; now we buy them as we would jewels, each in its separate wrapper. We used to eat pot roasts; now we must have porterhouse steaks.

Our wives used to help the general housework girl with the cooking; now we need two maids, a laundress, and a man to wash windows. When we were boys we did chores and wore our father's old clothes; nowadays the American boy needs an allowance, stockings that match his neckties, and a tuxedo jacket. We used to think it an extravagance to keep a $150 horse and a $100 buggy; now we buy an automobile and mortgage our house to pay for it.

"Easy come, easy go," was the old motto; "Easy come, gone before it comes," is the modern.

PUT END TO TRADING STAMPS.

A "Get-rich-quick" Scheme Which Does Not Benefit the Consumer.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The effort to get rid of the trading stamp is one that should have the support of right-thinking members of the general assembly. Not only is the movement one that has the backing of the business community, but it is meritorious and sound.

The trading stamp is a "get-rich-quick" scheme on a petty scale. It appeals to the human instinct to get something for nothing. As a matter of fact, it not only spreads a demoralizing and unwholesome influence abroad in the community, but it imposes a burden upon those least able to stand it. The craze for trading stamps is most prevalent among people of moderate means. They fool themselves into thinking that they get a premium with their purchases, but the economics work out in the reverse way. The merchant is obliged to charge for the trading stamp, and included in the charge is an enormous profit for the trading stamp company. At the end of things, therefore, the consumer gets the worst of it, as usual.

In spite of all of which, trading stamps have come to be an enormous annual charge on the community. It has been stated that several hundred thousand dollars are taken out of Baltimore annually by the inventors of this clever little idea for gratifying popular love of humbug. It would seem to be almost as clearly a matter for legislative action as lottery, policy, or race track speculation.

SNAP SHOTS.

From the Dallas News.

It is better to butt in than to be left out.

Do not throw cold water on a man who is in hot water.

Naturally it is the man up a high tree who does tall thinking.

As a rule the very people who ought to be ashamed of themselves are not.

As some see it, an elastic conscience is more respectable than a rubberneck.

About the richest people in the world are those who do not know how poor they are.

The old-fashioned nabob who was as proud as Lucifer now has a lot of grandchildren as poor as sin.

When a man is haunted by the feeling that he hasn't a ghost of a show, it is a sign that he is a spiritualist.

When a woman does her hair the way her husband likes it, it is a sign that he likes the way she does it.

We hope no one will be offended by the suggestion that occasionally the cheerful giver is an egregious sucker.

About the surest thing in this world is that a good-looking girl with a lot of money is going to be noticed.

Our idea of a competent wife is one who brags on her husband's singing voice when there is a baby to be rocked to sleep.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of the Eminent Dr. Priestley—March 13.

Two continents may rightfully claim Dr. Joseph Priestley, and any country would be proud to own him. Although the distinguished theologian and man of science was born in England, and in that country wrote the greater part of his scientific and theological literature, he came to make his home in America at the height of his fame, and died in this country, and is buried in the little Quakers' burial ground at Northumberland, Pa.

Joseph Priestley was born on March 13, 1733, near Leeds, England. The centennial of the discovery of oxygen was celebrated on August 1, 1874, by the unveiling of a statue to his memory in Birmingham, England, an address in Paris, and in this country by a gathering of chemists at his grave in Northumberland, where appropriate addresses were made by T. Sterry Hunt, Benjamin Silliman, and other scientists.

Priestley was the son of a clothdresser, and his father dying when he was only six years old, he was adopted into the home of his aunt, and was given an excellent education. He studied for the ministry, but on his attempting to enter it he was rejected on account of his views on original sin, the atonement, and eternal damnation. He then taught school for some time, and was finally given the degree of LL. D. from the University of Edinburgh, and was elected to the Royal Society in 1766.

From 1773 until 1780, while acting as literary companion to the Earl of Shelburne, Priestley made his great discoveries in chemistry. He was unacquainted with the subject. He had no apparatus, and knew nothing of chemical experimenting, but these adverse conditions may have been serviceable, as he entered upon a new field where apparatus had to be invented, and the arrangements he devised for the manipulation of gases are unsurpassed in simplicity and have been used ever since. The first of these discoveries was nitric oxide, in 1772. In 1774 he made his discovery of oxygen. After coming to the United States he also made important discoveries along this same line.

Priestley arrived in America on June 4, 1794, landing in New York, and from thence to Philadelphia, where he was offered the professorship of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, with a good salary, but declined, preferring to choose his own occupation in retirement. Upon going to Northumberland he built for himself a laboratory and an extensive library, where he worked studiously up to a short period before his death, which occurred on February 6, 1804.

Toplady said of Priestley's character: "I love a man whom I can hold up as a piece of crystal and look through him." Huxley said: "He charmed away the bitterest prejudices in personal intercourse." Dr. Aikin says of him: "In the domestic relations of life he was uniformly kind and affectionate. His parental feelings were those of the tenderest and best of fathers, and not even malice itself could ever fix a stain upon his private conduct or impeach his integrity."

On March 13 the treaty of France with the United States was officially announced in 1764; Herschel, the astronomer, discovered Uranus in 1781; a charter was granted to the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1846; and it is the birthday of Charles, Earl Gray, the British reformer, 1764; William Orr, the inventor, 1808; John Shrady, the distinguished surgeon, 1830, and William W. Everts, theologian and author, 1841, and the day on which Belizarius, the Byzantine general, died, in 565.

AT THE HOTELS.

"It seems but fair that others besides soldiers who have contributed to the glory of this country should be immortalized in bronze in the Capital City of the nation," said Albert W. Queen, of New York, a sculptor of that city, who was seen at the Raleigh, referring to the resolution introduced in behalf of the erection of a memorial in honor of A. J. MacGahan, the newspaper correspondent who contributed to the liberty and independence of Bulgaria.

"A stranger from foreign lands visiting Washington and seeing the many statues of soldiers and sailors cannot help but being impressed with the idea that this is a military nation—a people composed of soldiers, and who worship war and warlike measures. This seems peculiar when just the very opposite seems to be the contention.

"Has, then, the United States no other heroes, no other great personages who have helped to make this nation? How about her great Revolutionary statesmen—Hancock, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin? How about her financiers of those days who made the Revolution possible? How about her diplomats? And how about her painters—Gilbert Stewart, Benjamin West, and Trumbull? How about her poets and singers? Why not erect a monument in honor of the men who built railroads throughout the United States and brought wealth into the coffers of the people and opened up the great wide country everywhere? I am under the impression and most seriously contend that the discoveries of peace far outweigh the conquests of war. At any rate, the principle underlying peace should be honored, and not the idea which makes for war.

"America has been prolific in authors of world note. There are many of them, and almost every child could name at least two or three of them. There are great newspaper writers and owners who have wielded their influence in favor of the human uplift and progress of civilization. Why are they permitted to go down into oblivion?

"If the United States claims to be a nation of peace-loving people, given to the fostering of the industries of peace, why do we not demonstrate that fact through the statues which we erect in Washington? It is time for Congress to take this matter seriously under consideration and put a stop to it at once in parceling out every available public reservation for a statue of a soldier or a sailor.

"Understand," added Mr. Queen, "I do not at all depreciate the great deeds of our gallant soldiers, but there are others who claim our attention with equal claim to it."

Edward S. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal., who is at the New Willard, discussing politics, said last night that the present administration so far has failed to impress the western part of the United States with particular favor.

"There is such a tremendous difference between the Taft and Roosevelt personality and their respective manners of doing things, that it seems hardly right to put them in the same class.

"Roosevelt, ever ready to rush to the assistance with word and deed, has found his antithesis in Taft, who never rushes. Roosevelt was always frank and outspoken, sometimes most brutally so, but always honest and sincere about what he had to say. The people felt that he had the best interests of the country at heart, and they readily overlooked his shortcomings. President Taft is reticent, and whenever he does speak, he speaks with the prudence and forethought of a lawyer. He fails to impress; his audience remains unmoved, cold, and uncertain. The American people want a man who will say what he means; they have become accustomed to the Roosevelt type and acquired a liking for it. They appreciate that fact better than ever.

"Roosevelt, if he returned from Europe by way of San Francisco, would be accorded one constant march of triumph across the States until he arrived at Oyster Bay. The wave of enthusiasm created by his magnetic personality would sweep every plan out of existence which may have been laid by those who would like to eliminate him as a political factor. The overpowerful voice of the people would drown the demand of all and every political machine and the people would win.

"No power can keep Roosevelt out of the White House. If not in 1912, he will be elected four years thence. Even those who regarded themselves injured in their business or political ambitions want Roosevelt back in power. With him at the helm, the country exactly knows what to expect, which is not the case under the present administration."

"With every mechanical, say, rather, auto-mechanical device in perfect working order; with plates and beams and frames and rivets contributing equally to that element which naval architects call structural strength, there is not the slightest reason, according to Curtis C. Brooks, a naval architect of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was seen at the Arlington, why the most timid person should take passage aboard a modern trans-Atlantic liner with any deeper misgivings than he would feel in boarding a limited train for Chicago or a crowded local for the suburbs.

"There is really not so much reason for apprehension in defense of which assertion it is but necessary to suggest a comparison of the mortality tables covering railroad disasters in the United States with loss of life through shipwreck.

"Allowing for the vast numerical preponderance of travel by railroad over travel by sea, and taking an average on a purely comparative basis, the ocean voyager has much the better of it.

"The strides in the science of shipbuilding in the last twenty years," continued Mr. Brooks, "not alone as regards size, speed, and luxury, but, above all, safety, repay consideration. The modern liner is practically unsinkable, and the question of future disasters resolves itself into a question of the frailty of humankind. The might of the worst sea ever experienced shipbuilders have set at naught; collision bulkheads have done away with the fear of the lurking derelict; the modern automatic sealing of compartments offsets the puncturing of a hull through a collision and the danger of destruction by fire. The point is that the great liner which is lost in the future will be lost through some mistake of her navigator. No shipbuilder in all these ages to come, it seems, will ever build a craft that will hold together in pounding on rocks or stormy shoals, but even this danger is being lessened through the beneficence of wireless telegraphy and the 'sunken bell' system."

Force of Habit.

From Puck.

Life Insurance Agent—The company has rejected your application on the ground that you lied in your answers. Why did you say that your circulation is good?

Mr. Koloom—Honest, I couldn't help it. That's my business. You see, I'm advertising manager on the Daily Boomer.